

## HARVARD CLASS OF 1952

## ROBERT J. ELLRICH

HOME ADDRESS: 1812 25th Ave., No. C, Seattle, WA 98122.  
 MAIL: ellrich@u.washington.edu.  
 DEGREES: A.B., magna cum laude, '52; A.M. '53; Ph.D. '60.  
 MOST REWARDING ACHIEVEMENT: Teaching and writing.  
 WHAT I WOULD DO DIFFERENTLY: I would have joined the faculty of a first-rate four-year institution in or near a large city.  
 WOULD LIKE TO BE REMEMBERED: It depends: by whom?

I am intrigued by postretirement and early senescence development and convinced (like Rousseau) that growth continues to the end. Currently, I am simplifying my life through a move from my home of the last three decades into a two-bedroom condo with a beautiful view and a small, full-fenced yard with a sundeck. Once the "fuss and others" of downsizing has been accomplished, I can devote myself more to reading, writing, and socializing with old friends and wife. Stay tuned.

## DANIEL ELLSBERG

HOME ADDRESS: 90 Norwood Ave., Kensington, CA 94707 (510-526-2605; Fax: 510-526-5005); 3801 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, DC 20008 (202-244-6036; Fax: 202-244-5065).

OCCUPATION: Writer.

MAIL: ellsbergd@cs.com.

DEGREES: A.B., summa cum laude, '52; A.M. '54; Ph.D. '63.

MARRIED: Carol Cummings, Feb. 10, 1950, Cambridge, MA (Radcliffe '53) (divorced, 1964); Patricia Marx, Aug. 8, 1970, North Salem, NY (Radcliffe '59).

KIDS: Robert, 1955 (Harvard '77; Th.M. '94), m. Margaret Rizza; Mary Carroll, 1958 (Yale '82; Ph.D., Umea Univ. '00), m. Julio Martinez (divorced, 2000); Michael Gabriel, 1977 (Brown '99).

GRANDCHILDREN: Five.

MOST REWARDING ACHIEVEMENT: Rifle company commander, U.S. Marine Corps; activity earning indictment on twelve federal felony counts by revealing the Pentagon Papers (all charges, totaling a possible 115 years in prison, were dismissed on May 11, 1973, on grounds of governmental misconduct which figured in President Nixon's impeachment proceedings leading to his resignation).

WHAT I WOULD DO DIFFERENTLY: I wish I had done in 1964 or 1965 what I did do five years later: go to Congress and the press and tell the truth, with documents—the truth about administration war plans and

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estimated prospects in Vietnam, with documents from my top secret safe in the Pentagon. The last ten years of the war might have been averted if I had done so—a heavy weight to bear.

WOULD LIKE TO BE REMEMBERED: He was part of the movements to end the Vietnam War and the nuclear arms race.

Some things don't change. Forty years ago, I took time out from working all night on my Ph.D. thesis to respond to the nth appeal for my report for our Tenth Reunion. I recall writing to the effect: "I am going to get my Ph.D. in June 1962. I am making this announcement so that I will face unspeakable humiliation in front of my classmates in June if I don't finish this on time." After the third appeal this fall by John Bardis, I was tempted to register an equivalent commitment, with the same purpose: "I am going to meet my November 15, 2001, deadline for the completed manuscript of my memoir for Viking Press." But I couldn't spare half an hour to fill out the form. Just before midnight on the 14th (California time), at the end of a last writing stint of forty hours straight, I e-mailed the last fragments to my son Robert (editor-in-chief of Orbis Books, without whom there was no chance in the world this deadline would have been met) in Ossining, New York; minutes later, about 3 A.M. (EST), having looked them over and stitched them into a 705-page manuscript, he relayed them by e-mail to my younger son, Michael (without whom this draft would be nine hundred pages—he calls himself Jack the Ripper), standing by in his office at a venture capital firm in Manhattan. Michael worked the rest of the night and into the morning on formatting and pagination and delivered the package into the hands of my agent at 11:15 on the 15th, almost six hours before the deadline.

It occurs to me as I write this—with a heart overflowing with the experience of my sons' love and dedication (and desperation: Michael said to his mother, "There was no way Robert and I were going to let Dad miss that deadline.")—that the last time my family worked together so intimately was a night in October 1969. Robert (then thirteen) was working a Xerox machine copying parts of the Pentagon Papers; I was collating, and my daughter, Mary (then ten), was cutting top secret markings off the tops and bottoms of the pages with a scissors.

That got the job done then. And earlier, I did march in the graduation procession during our Tenth Reunion with a borrowed Ph.D. robe, thanks in no small part to the spur of my Class Report

prediction. And if there are any others in the Class who live by the rule "better late than on time," here's inspiration for you: my Ph.D. thesis was just published by Garland Press in March 2001, thirty years later, with its original title, "Risk, Ambiguity and Decision." It has been climbing steadily up the charts of the Amazon sales list (although Garland may have overpriced it, at \$65); it now stands at 1,055,252. With luck, and once again with the challenge of a Class Reunion, my next book will come out sooner and do even better! It will be available in stores—I say this to you now, just months after our Reunion—with the title *Secrets* or (my son Michael's suggestion) *A Higher Loyalty* or something else.

Patricia (another indispensable member of the editorial team) has been the love of my life since my Crimson friend Dan B. Jacobs brought us together in 1964. For more than thirty years, she has been my partner, lover, and closest friend: never more so than now. My daughter's children, Julio and Ana Carolina, and my son's children, Nicholas Boyd, Catherine Day, and Christina Therese, are each of them beautiful, wise, and enchanting. And there is nothing more I need say about my own children. (My daughter, Mary, was cheering us on last week, as, like a true Ellsberg, she raced to meet a deadline of her own. Her Ph.D. thesis was published last year, some months before mine.) I am writing this in a daze of parental and spousal bliss. My wish for each of you—there couldn't be a higher one—is an experience in your lives of love and support from those closest to you, comparable to mine of the last few weeks.

#### EVERETT ALLAN EMERSON

HOME ADDRESS: 30644 Via la Cresta, Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90275-5309  
(310-541-9013).

OCCUPATION: Retired.

E-MAIL: eaeme@earthlink.net.

DEGREES: A.B., cum laude, '52 ('58).

MARRIED: Marlene Dittrich, Feb. 22, 1961, Mexico City, Mexico  
(Oberoesterreichische Lehrerbildungsanstalt '58).

CHILDREN: Everett Dittrich, 1962 (Univ. of Virginia '84; Univ. of the Pacific '87), m. Yolanda B. Gonzales; George Allan, 1963 (Randolph-Macon Coll. '88; Virginia Commonwealth Univ. '94); Elisabeth Sime, 1966 (Averett Coll. '87).

GRANDCHILDREN: Two.

MY MOST REWARDING ACHIEVEMENT: I spent twelve years refereeing soccer from four-year-olds to collegiate to United States Soccer Federation semipro leagues. If I had started younger and soccer had been more developed, I probably could have made it at the national level. League commissioners often requested my service. I managed always to keep parents or boisterous Latino fans in check, and answered bitter questions civilly. It was wonderful personality training as well as exercise. I now volunteer for the American Youth Soccer Organization for the fun.

WHAT I WOULD DO DIFFERENTLY: Spend more time and money on fun activities with the growing family

I WOULD LIKE TO BE REMEMBERED: Quietly.

I'm surprised how little my views and lifestyle have changed since submitting the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Report, whose essence still directly applies. We moved back to California in 1985 at the behest of the Aerospace Corporation to the house we had left in 1969. I worked there as a senior engineering specialist on satellite system development, satellite failure analysis, and requirements for modernizing satellite launch, tracking, and control environments. I retired in 1995 and worked as a casual on and off for the next four years. We bought a condo in Mammoth Lakes in 1997. We have skied, mountain biked, and hiked very actively since. Last year my wife climbed Mount Whitney up and down in one day (Mammoth Times, "Grandma Climbs Mount Whitney"), fulfilling a personal challenge. The kids grew up and moved out, but we see them often. Grandchildren came late, but were consequently all the more welcome.

#### HIRAM W. EMERY, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 576 W. Main Rd., Little Compton, RI 02837 (401-635-2456; Fax: 401-635-4119).

OCCUPATION AND OFFICE ADDRESS: Senior Vice President, Gottesman Co., 200 E. 70th St., New York, NY 10021 (212-459-4480).

E-MAIL: hwemery@aol.com.

DEGREES: A.B. '52; M.B.A. '56.

MARRIED: Susan Revere Curtis, Oct. 14, 1967 (Colby-Sawyer Coll.).

CHILDREN: Marjorie E., 1969 (Saint Lawrence Univ.), m. Harold Irving Pratt; Hiram W. III, 1971 (Lake Forest Coll.).

GRANDCHILDREN: Two.